Haſt. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit.
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my bodie with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gratious Lord.
Glo. If, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Ha, Wo wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As

As loth to beare me to t
Oh, now I want the Pri
I now repent I told the
As twere triumphing at
How they at Pomfret bl
And I my ſelfe ſecure in
Oh Margaret, Margaret
Is lighted on poore Haſt
Cat. Diſpatch my Lo
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he lo
Haſt. O momentary
Which we more hunt fo
Who builds his hopes in
Liues like a drunken Say
Ready with euery nod to
Into the fatall bowels of
Come leade me to the bl
They ſmile at me, that ſh
Enter Duke of Glo
Glo. Come coſen, canſ
Murther thy breath in m
And then begin againe a
As if thou wert diſtraug
Buc. Tut feare not me
I can counterfeit the deep
Speake, and looke backe,
*I*ntending deepe ſuſpitio
Are at my ſeruice like inf
And both are readie in th
To grace my ſtratagems.
Glo. Here comes the
Buc. Let me alone to e
Glo. Looke to the dra
Buc. The reaſon we ha
Glo. Catesby ouerlook
Buc. Harke, *I* heare a
Glo. Looke backe, defe
Buc. God and our inn
Glo. G, O, be quiet,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22316) LONDON, 1602 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34